

Billy's Got A Gun by [femmesteve](#)

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Summary:

Steve sucks off a gun. That's it.

Billy's Got A Gun

Author's Note:

SEND ME PROMPTS!!: @FemmeSteve on Tumblr!

Steve stared at the gun with wide eyes. Billy stood over him with it in his hand, holding it out for Steve to examine. It was a sleek, silver handgun that Billy had acquired from God knows where. He blinked slowly and shifted his eyes to Billy's face. He was watching Steve with urgent eyes, lip caught between his teeth. Steve swallowed before speaking.

“You shouldn’t have that,” Steve said, visibly uncomfortable.

“It’s not loaded. I wanted to try something,” Billy shifted the gun around in his hands.

“You understand that I’m a little freaked out, right?”

“Don’t be. Just put your mouth on it,” Billy said, pointing the gun towards Steve.

Steve jumped and tensed, resisting the urge to stand up and leave the room. He dug his fingernails into his mattress, swallowing hard.

“What?” Steve asked calmly, eyes trained on the gun.

“Suck it,” Billy instructed, “For me.”

Steve swallowed a second time and looked up to see that Billy’s face was incredibly serious. He moved a little closer, eyes never leaving the blond’s face lest it crack. He trusted Billy. If he said it wasn’t loaded than it wasn’t, right? He could do this for him..Even if it sort of made him a little scared...Turned on..Dangerous.

Steve’s eyes slid closed as he drug the tip of his tongue over the muzzle. He exhaled shakily and slowly wrapped his fingers around Billy’s wrist, holding him there as he closed his lips around the barrel. Billy emitted a low noise and pushed the gun forward a bit, just to see more of it disappear. Steve took it willingly, the metallic

taste oddly comforting. He tightened his lips, eyes opening again to watch Billy's face as he began to suck softly. Noises of wet suction filled the room and Billy groaned.

"What if it had bullets in it?" Billy spoke.

Steve's eyes widened and he stopped sucking, preparing to move back. Billy grabbed the back of Steve's head and pushed the gun back in until Steve's lips were at the trigger guard. Steve whimpered and tightened his grip on Billy's wrist. Billy's finger wasn't on the trigger, but it was still putting a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach. As if reading Steve's mind, Billy's finger moved over the trigger.

"Relax and keep going," Billy instructed.

Steve closed his eyes tightly and did as he was told, working his mouth around the gun. He felt so uneasy, and yet his cock was hard inside of his pants. What if it did have bullets in it? What if Billy wanted to put him in danger so he could get off to it? Steve whimpered again.

"If you keep being good and do what I say, I'll let you go," Billy said softly, taking a hold of Steve's hair, "Touch yourself." He instructed.

Steve shivered and swallowed thickly. Spit was leaking from the corners of his mouth, but he could only focus on what Billy had said. Was it a game then? Some weird fantasy?

Steve spread his legs a bit and reached with his free hand to undo his jeans. He exhaled through his nose, a feeling of relief washing over him as he exposed himself. Billy nodded appreciatively at Steve's hard length before speaking again,

"Go ahead."

Steve was hesitant, but he slowly did as he was told, wrapping his hand around his cock. Billy hummed and tightened his grip on Steve's hair, beginning to guide him into a slow back and forth motion.

"You look so good," Billy muttered, "You like doing this for me?"

Steve made a muffled noise around the barrel, focusing on stroking himself. It was almost too intense. He did like doing it. He was a little concerned that he liked it so much. Billy was essentially shoving a possibly loaded gun down his throat and getting off to it. Steve moaned and swallowed again, picking up the pace of his hand.

“Come on...” Billy muttered, watching the drool drip in long strings from Steve’s full mouth.

Steve groaned as he came in his hand. Billy watched hungrily even as Steve’s mouth went slack around the gun. He pulled it out slowly, the gun making a wet sound as it slid out. Steve closed his mouth with a groan. His jaw was insanely sore and he was spent. Billy, however, was still rock hard.

“Was it...Loaded?” Steve asked, eyeing the wet gun a bit wearily.

Billy smirked, “What do you think I am? Psycho?”